# READERS' THEATER BASED ON

# Upside Down in the Middle of Nowhere

Written by Julie T. Lamana

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Arranged by CYRM committee members for classroom use only

## Characters:

Narrator 1 Armani

Narrator 2 Miss Priscilla Narrator 3 Matthew Mr. High Pockets Sealy

## Miss Priscilla:

Hush, hush, honey bee, it's gonna be all right.

#### Narrator 1:

Armani shivered with the cold.

# Narrator 2:

Soft mama-like arms wrapped around Armani.

## Miss Priscilla:

I sat flat on the floor with my back against the wall and stroked Armani's head.

## Narrator 3:

Armani wanted to stay there forever.

#### Armani:

I looked up and saw Mr High Pockets looking down at me.

# Mr. High Pockets:

I smiled at Armani and walked away.

## Miss Priscilla:

Do you feel like talking, Armani?

#### Armani:

I can't.

# Miss Priscilla:

I know, I know, child. Everything's going to be all right.

# Armani:

It's my fault. All of it.

## Narrator 1:

Armani's head did a teeny hop every time she hiccupped.

## Miss Priscilla:

You'll see, honeybee, it's all gonna get better.

#### Narrator 2:

Miss Priscilla stroked her hair.

## Narrator 3:

Armani pulled her head up.

# Miss Priscilla:

I wiped her nose and cleaned her face with a tissue.

#### Armani:

My own mama hadn't done that since I was six or seven, but I didn't care.

## Narrator 1:

Armani let the lady wipe whatever she thought needed wiping.

#### Armani:

Miss Nash--

# Miss Priscilla:

Please, call me Priscilla.

## Armani:

Miss Priscilla, you don't understand. Everything that happened is my fault.

## Miss Priscilla:

Nothing's that happened is anyone's fault. It was a terrible, spiteful storm.

#### Narrator 2:

Miss Priscilla let out a long sigh.

## Armani:

I know. But you don't understand.

### Narrator 3:

Miss Priscilla laid her cheek against Armani's cheek.

#### Armani:

All I wanted for my birthday was a puppy. I broke my promise to Cricket. I told her I'd always take care of her and keep her safe.

## Miss Priscilla:

Oh, child, I don't know what you're talking about but I'm here to keep you safe. My, oh my, would you look at that?

## Narrator 1:

All the kids were walking towards them. Matthew had Khayla in his arms.

#### Narrator 2:

Lukey and little John stood behind their brother.

## Narrator 3:

Armani held out her arms and Khayla leaned down.

## Narrator 1:

Sealy and Martha took seats on the floor with Armani and Miss Priscilla.

## Matthew:

What's going on?

## Miss Priscilla:

Oh, Matthew...

#### Armani:

You know Matthew?

#### Narrator 2:

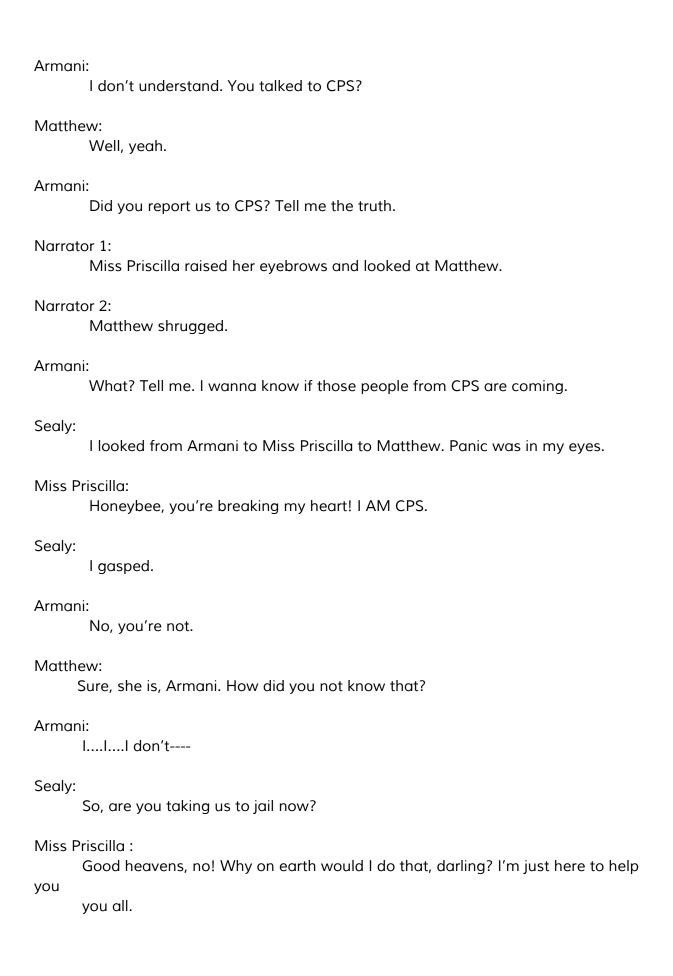
Matthew and Miss Priscilla looked at each other and nodded.

## Matthew:

Sure, MIss Priscilla's been looking out for us ever since we got off the bus.

#### Narrator 3:

Armani was shocked.



# Armani:

But I seen you. I seen you the night we got here. You took those two boys. I thought you took them to jail or CPS or something or foster care.

# Miss Priscilla:

Oh, sweetie, I don't know which boys you're talking about. Unless you mean Tyrone and Trevor.

## Narrator 3:

Miss Priscilla pointed about four rows over.

# Narrator 1:

The boys turned and nodded "hey" at us.

## Armani:

Me and Sealy just stared at each other.